

# STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES NUMBER 250

32p



SUN  
PRINCE

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So that we can produce the kind of stories you want to read, please fill in the questionnaire on this page and send it to "Starblazer", D. C. Thomson & Co. Ltd., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.

If you don't want to cut your issue of "Starblazer", you can copy the questionnaire onto a sheet of paper.

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Please tick

appropriate boxes.

If you dislike any type of story, place a cross in the box.

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# SUN PRINCE

IT HAD BEEN TWENTY YEARS SINCE KING VEYNE D'ANNEMARC HAD SURVIVED THE TREACHERY OF HIS DEMON-WITCH WIFE, SAVING HIS WORLD FROM THE HELLISH INSANITY OF THE CHAOS WORLDS. AFTER TWO DECADES OF PEACEFUL RULE, CRISIS STRUCK.



AS DAWN BROKE OVER ILLONDRE, THE CAPITAL OF ANGLERRE, A GOLDEN FIGURE RACED MADLY TOWARDS THE CITY.



SPARKS FLYING FROM ITS HOOVES, THE HORSE GALLOPED STRAIGHT TO THE PALACE.

DOCTOR VOLORACI!  
CAME AS SOON AS I  
HEARD! WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?

IT'S YOUR FATHER,  
PRINCE KURDIS . . . !



PRINCE KURDIS D'ANNEMARC OF ANGLERRE, THE SUN PRINCE, RUSHED AFTER THE COURT PHYSICIAN, HIS WORST FEARS ALREADY PARTLY CONFIRMED.

IN THE KING'S CHAMBERS...



KURDIS! THANK THE GODS  
YOU MADE IT...

GODS ABOVE, FATHER!  
WHAT HAPPENED?

A SUDDEN, VIOLENT  
CONTAGION — ONE  
VOLORAC COULDN'T  
DIAGNOSE. I'M SOON  
TO BE THE LATE KING  
VEYNE, MY SON — AND  
YOU'LL WEAR THE  
CROWN.

YOU'RE MY ONLY HEIR. RULE  
WISELY, MY SON — AND BY THE  
LAW. I KNOW MANY DISTRUST YOU,  
AND YOUR SORCEROUS POWERS —  
BUT SHOW THEM THEIR ERROR! BE  
A TRUE D'ANNEMARCI!

CURSE THAT MYRDANI  
WHY IS THAT WIZARD  
NEVER HERE WHEN  
HE'S NEEDED?



THE KING'S VOICE TRAILED OFF, AND HE SLUMPED BACK.

THE KING IS DEAD,  
LONG LIVE THE KING!

REST IN PEACE,  
FATHER. I WILL  
REMEMBER YOUR  
WORDS!

A WEEK'S OFFICIAL  
MOURNING ENDED AT  
THE STATE FUNERAL,  
WHEN AN ENTIRE REALM  
LAMENTED THE LOSS OF  
ANGLERRE'S GREATEST  
HERO.


LET THE HEIR-  
APPARENT SET  
THE FIRST  
FLAME.





FAREWELL, FATHER.  
THE WORLD WILL  
MISS THEE!

LIGHTING THE FUNERAL BIER,  
KURDIS RELEASED THE SOUL OF  
HIS FATHER IN THE CENTURIES-  
OLD CUSTOM.



MY COMMISERATIONS ON  
THIS SAD DAY, COUSIN. I  
HAD FEARED I WOULD BE  
TOO LATE.

NO, YOU ARRIVE JUST  
IN TIME, BLEYS —  
WITH MY FATHER  
SAFELY DEAD!

DUKE BLEYS OF SUVETHIA WAS THE  
NEPHEW OF PRINCESS MAGETTA, VEYNE'S  
SECOND WIFE — AND SO KURDIS'S  
STEP-COUSIN. BUT THERE WAS LITTLE  
LOVE LOST BETWEEN THEM.



INSOLENT DOG!  
YOU'VE HEARD THE  
RUMOURS, I  
SUPPOSE,  
HIGHNESS?

THE SON OF VEYNE'S OLD FRIEND  
MYKI SALADOTH, EWAN, WAS AS  
LOYAL TO THE PRINCE AS HIS LATE  
FATHER HAD BEEN TO THE KING.

THAT THE KING WAS  
POISONED? AYE, EWAN —  
AND IF I FIND EVIDENCE  
THAT BLEYS WAS INVOLVED  
I'LL DISEMBOWEL HIM!

LATER, IN THE THRONE  
ROOM, CAME THE  
PRESENTATION AND  
ACCEPTANCE OF THE HEIR  
PRESUMPTIVE.

MY LORDS, IT WAS THE  
WISH OF THE LATE KING  
THAT HIS ONLY SON  
SHOULD ASCEND TO  
THE THRONE. HOW SAY  
YOU ALL?

AYE!

AYE!





ONLY ONE VOICE SPOKE  
OUT AGAINST THE MOTION.

A MOMENT I PRAY, MY LORDS! I HAVE  
HERE A COPY OF THE CONVENTION OF  
DUNOOR — DRAWN UP BY KING  
VEYNE'S OWN FATHER, IAGON, AFTER  
THE SORCEROUS WARS LEFT OUR  
LANDS RIFE WITH DEMONS AND  
WITCHERY. IN IT, YOU RECALL, IS  
DECREED THAT ONLY A TRUE HUMAN  
MAY ASCEND THE THRONE OF  
ANGLERRE!

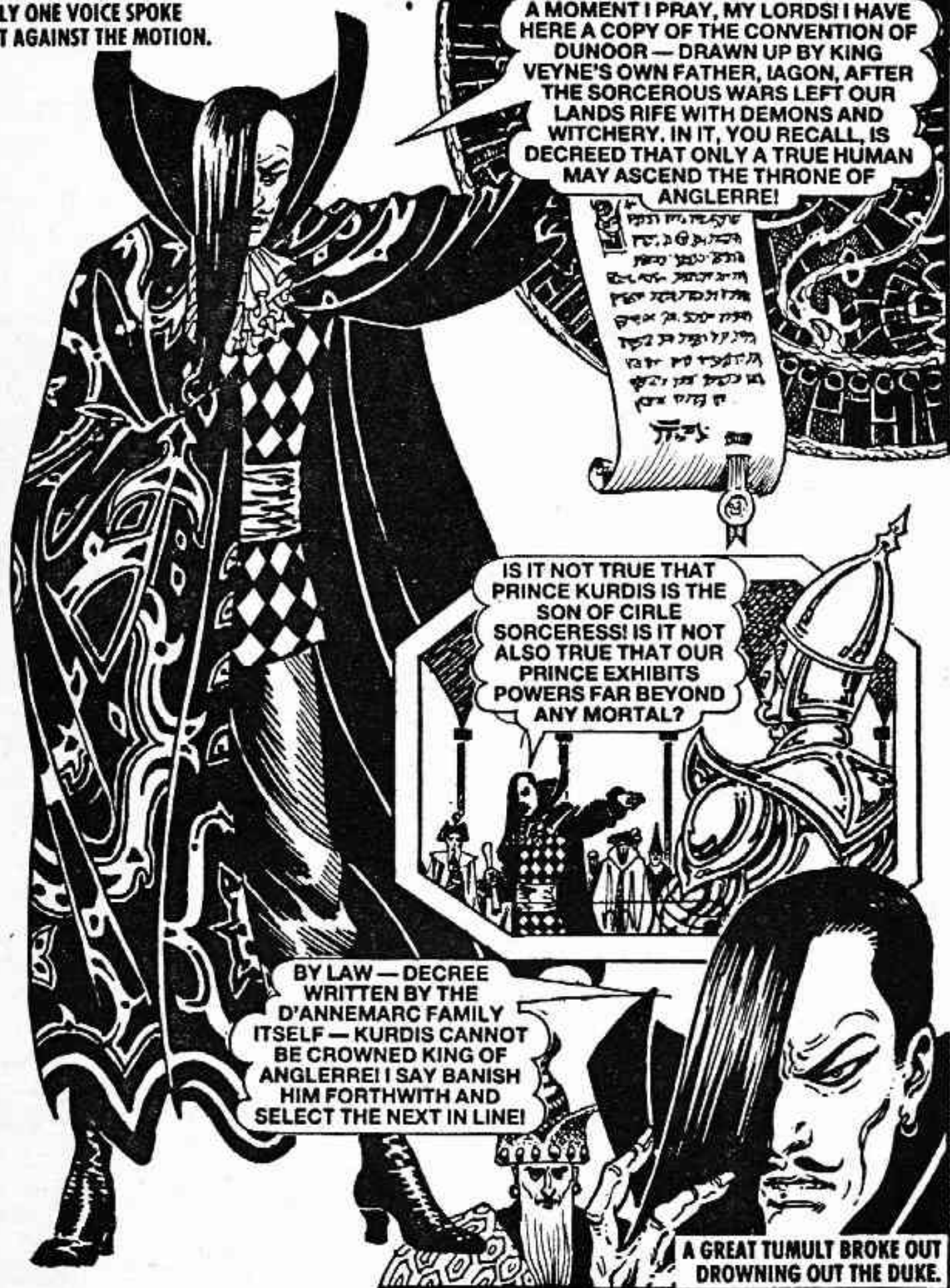


IS IT NOT TRUE THAT  
PRINCE KURDIS IS THE  
SON OF CIRLE  
SORCERESS! IS IT NOT  
ALSO TRUE THAT OUR  
PRINCE EXHIBITS  
POWERS FAR BEYOND  
ANY MORTAL?



BY LAW — DECREE  
WRITTEN BY THE  
D'ANNEMARC FAMILY  
ITSELF — KURDIS CANNOT  
BE CROWNED KING OF  
ANGLERRE! I SAY BANISH  
HIM FORTHWITH AND  
SELECT THE NEXT IN LINE!

A GREAT TUMULT BROKE OUT  
DROWNING OUT THE DUKE.



THEN AN AWFUL VOICE RANG OUT.

SILENCE! IS THIS THE COURT MY FATHER RULED? IF BY LAW I AM UNFIT TO RULE, THEN SO BE IT — I HAVE SWORN TO MY FATHER TO UPHOLD THE LAW — BUT THINK WHO WILL GAIN MOST BY THIS DEED! MAKE YOUR CHOICES ...

... MAY YOU LIVE TO NOT REGRET THEM!

HIS BODY A BLINDING ARROW, KURDIS HURLED UP AND AWAY FROM THE THRONE ROOM.





AND THAT, MY LORDS, PROVES  
MY POINT ADMIRABLY, I THINK.

SMILING HAPPILY TO HIMSELF,  
DUKE BLEYS LEFT THE THRONE  
ROOM, UNNOTICED AMIDST THE  
UPROAR.

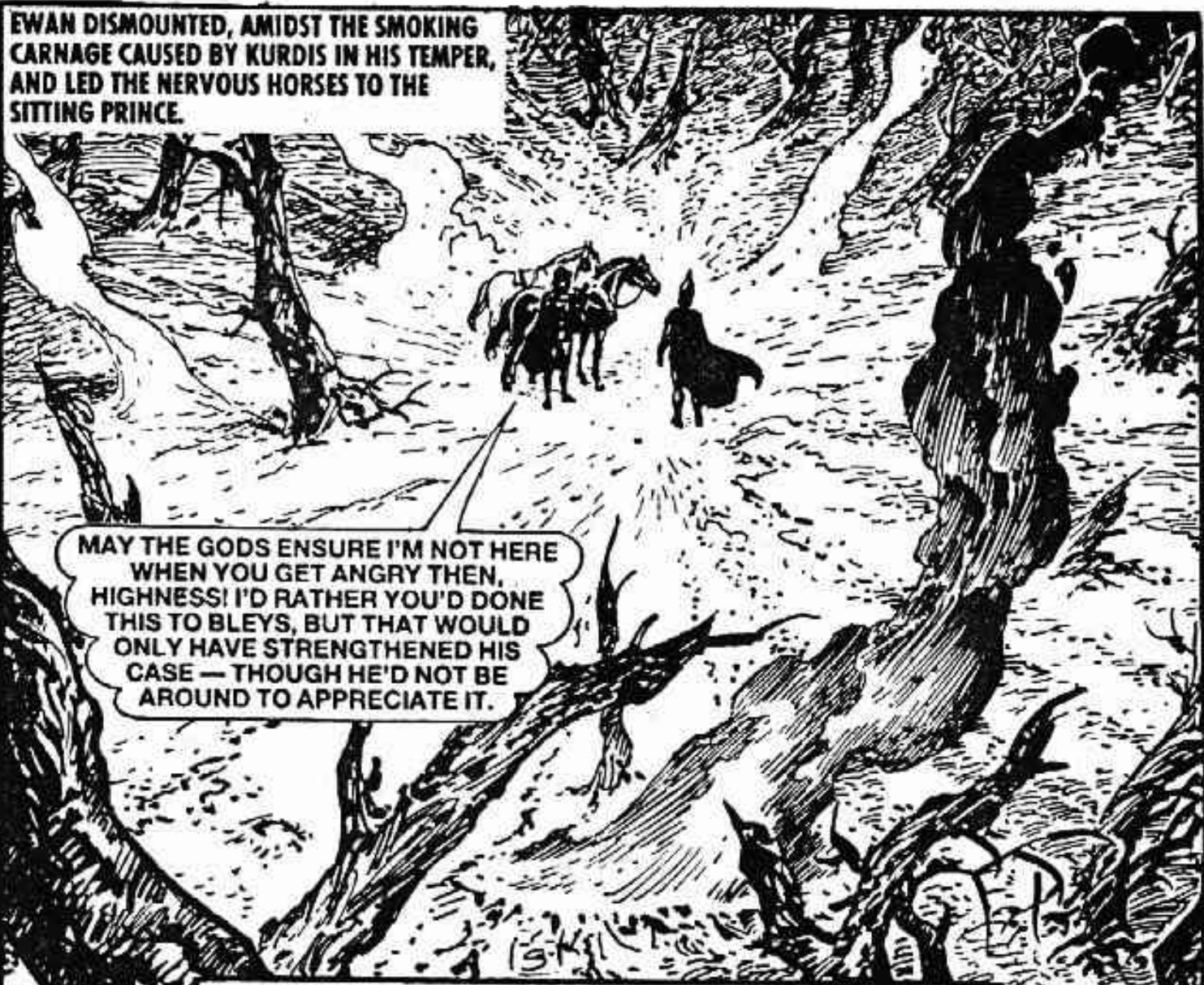
SOME TIME LATER, A DEJECTED  
KURDIS SAT BROODING IN THE  
FOREST OF KALIDON, FAR FROM  
ILLONDRE, WHEN HIS THOUGHTS  
WERE DISTURBED.

WHO'S THERE?

ONLY ME, HIGHNESS. I  
THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU OUT  
HERE.

EWANI PERHAPS BLEYS IS  
RIGHT — A CREATURE  
WHO CAN DO THIS IN  
PIQUE IS NOT FIT TO  
RULE.

EWAN DISMOUNTED, AMIDST THE SMOKING CARNAGE CAUSED BY KURDIS IN HIS TEMPER, AND LED THE NERVOUS HORSES TO THE SITTING PRINCE.




MAY THE GODS ENSURE I'M NOT HERE WHEN YOU GET ANGRY THEN, HIGHNESS! I'D RATHER YOU'D DONE THIS TO BLEYS, BUT THAT WOULD ONLY HAVE STRENGTHENED HIS CASE — THOUGH HE'D NOT BE AROUND TO APPRECIATE IT.

WHAT'S THIS?

I CAN'T BE WATCHING YOUR BACK ALL THE TIME, HIGHNESS. A POOR, WEAK EXILE LIKE YOU NEEDS A SWORD.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN — YOU CAN'T BE WATCHING ME ALL THE TIME?




WHEREVER YOU'RE GOING, HIGHNESS — SO AM I. I COULDN'T STAY TO WITNESS BLEYS' TRIUMPH ANYWAY.





BACK IN ILLONDRE, DUKE BLEYS MOVED UNSEEN THROUGH THE CITY, UNTIL HE REACHED A DARK HOUSE IN A DESERTED STREET.





WHERE ELSE WOULD I BE, MY LORD? AND HOW WAS YOUR FIRST DAY AT COURT?

BETTER THAN I HAD HOPED, FYLORIX. KURDIS TOOK EXILE — BUT HE GREW SO ANGRY HE LOST CONTROL, AND FRIGHTENED THE POOR SHEEPISH MINISTERS MORE THAN ANY WORDS OF MINE. AS THE NEAREST KIN TO VEYNE, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I'M OFFERED THE CROWN.

BLEYS APPROACHED THE SORCERER.




BEFORE VEYNE RALLIED THE ARMY AND DEFEATED SUBARAX, MY LATE COLLEAGUE ALMOST OVERTHREW ANGLERRE — MAKING IT PART OF OUR GROWING SORCEROUS EMPIRE.

AYE — AND EVER SINCE, SUVETHIA HAS BEEN A WEAKENED POWER, ALMOST PART OF ANGLERRE ITSELF WITH ALL HER SORCERERS BANISHED.

BUT ONCE I AM KING, WE SHALL SEE A REVERSAL OF THAT ROLE! ANGLERRE WILL BE THE PUPPET — SUVETHIA GREAT ONCE AGAIN!

DON'T BE OFFENDED BY THE QUESTION, HIGHNESS, BUT I'VE OFTEN WONDERED — HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE SUCH POWER AS YOU POSSESS?






EVER A CURSE, EWANI  
SINCE DESTROYING  
CERASTES AND  
SOMEHOW ABSORBING  
HIS GOLDEN BODY INTO  
MINE, I HAVE KNOWN  
POWERS AND THINGS  
NO HUMAN COULD  
POSSIBLY  
UNDERSTAND.

WITHOUT WARNING, TWO MIS-SHAPEN GIANTS APPEARED  
BEFORE THEM, PANICKING THE HORSES.



BY THE GODS!  
WHAT ARE THEY?



FAVOYRA! I HAD  
THOUGHT THEM LONG  
EXTINCT! BEWARE THE  
ONE WITH THE SINGLE  
EYE ...





... FOR ITS GLANCE  
WILL FREEZE ANY  
LIVING CREATURE!

AS EWAN LEPT CLEAR HIS UNFORTUNE HORSE WAS CAUGHT  
IN THE WITHERING GLANCE, AND FROZE INSTANTLY.

STEEL IS USELESS AGAINST THEIR HIDE! SOMETHING STRONGER IS NEEDED.

ALMOST  
UNCONSCIOUSLY, KURDIS  
SUMMONED UP HIS  
SORCEROUS POWERS...

... AND HE WROUGHT A TERRIBLE TRANSFORMATION.

NOW ARE WE ON EQUAL  
TERMS, LAST OF THE  
FAVOYRAI!






THE DEMONIC CREATURE KURDIS  
HAD BECOME SMASHED INTO THE  
GIANTS.



WHILST BACK IN ILLONDRE,  
ANGRY EYES WATCHED.

BALAR AND KRENOS  
HAVE FAILED, FYLORIX!  
YOU PROMISED ME  
THEY WOULD DESTROY  
KURDIS EASILY!

OUR SUN PRINCE HAS  
GREATER TALENTS  
THAN I CREDITED HIM  
WITH, MY LORD.



IT WOULD SEEM HE HAS  
INHERITED CERASTES'  
SHAPE-SHIFTING POWERS  
ALONG WITH THE  
CREATURE'S GOLDEN  
BODY. HIS END WILL COME,  
DUKE BLEYS. IT WILL  
SIMPLY REQUIRE A LITTLE  
MORE THOUGHT.


I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU DID, HIGHNESS —  
BUT THANK VISHENA  
YOU DID IT!

IT WAS A REFLEX,  
EWAN — I KNOW NO  
MORE WHAT I DID THAN  
YOU ...


... SAVE THAT AN UNHOLY  
GLEE SEIZED ME THE MOMENT I  
CHANGED! WAS BLEYS RIGHT  
AND MY FATHER WRONG,  
EWAN? WILL I BECOME MORE A  
CREATURE OF CHAOS AS TIME  
PROGRESSES — GROWING,  
NOT OLDER, BUT MORE EVIL?

EWAN SALADOTH WAS SILENT, UNABLE TO ANSWER THE  
PRINCE'S TORMENTED QUESTIONS.





I'LL SEE IF I CAN  
FIND YOUR HORSE,  
HIGHNESS. IT FLED  
IN TERROR DURING  
THE FIGHT.




I'LL LEAVE YOU TO  
YOUR THOUGHTS,  
FYLORIX, AND PRESENT  
MYSELF TO THE COURT.  
THEY MAY BE READY  
TO OFFER ME THE  
CROWN, EH?

BACK IN THE MORE POPULOUS  
SECTOR OF THE CITY, THE DUKE  
RECEIVED AN UNWELCOME  
SURPRISE.



AUNT MAGETTA! I  
THOUGHT YOU  
RETURNED TO  
SUVETHIA AFTER THE  
FUNERAL.



I WAS ON MY WAY —  
UNTIL I HEARD ABOUT  
KURDIS! WHAT GAME  
ARE YOU PLAYING  
NOW, BLEYS?



THE LATE KING'S SECOND WIFE, MAGETTA, PRINCESS OF SUVETHIA, SCOWLED AT HER NEPHEW IN DISTASTE.

NO GAME I ASSURE YOU, AUNTIE DEAR. I SIMPLY UPHOLD IAGON'S CONVENTION OF DUNOOR — THE LAW!

AND CAST YOUR OWN EYES UPON THE CROWN, NO DOUBT! WELL, NEPHEW, BE WARNED I SHALL FIGHT YOU IN THIS!

FIGHT ALL YOU WISH, MY DEAR AUNT — THE POISON THAT KILLED YOUR HUSBAND CAN JUST AS SOON RID ME OF YOU!

ON HORSEBACK ONCE MORE, EWAN SEATED ON A MOUNT THEY HAD BOUGHT IN A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE, KURDIS AND HIS COMPANION RODE THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS OF THE PYARE MOUNTAINS IN ANGLERRE'S REMOTE NORTH.

BY VISHENA, HIGHNESS. I CAN FEEL THIS NAG'S BONES EVEN THROUGH THE SADDLE!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE A SOLDIER, EWAN — USED TO DISCOMFORT.



BUT THE APPARITION WAS NO EVIL CREATURE...

KURDIS? WOULD YOU FLEE  
FROM YOUR OWN FATHER?

GODS ABOVE!  
MORE DEMONS!

THE HORSES REARED IN TERROR AS THE  
SHADOWY FIGURE CAME CLOSER.





FORGIVE ME, FATHER!  
THROUGH MY OWN  
FOOLISHNESS I HAVE  
LOST THE CROWN OF  
ANGLERRE, AND FAILED  
IN MY OATH TO YOU.

BE AT PEACE,  
KURDIS — YOU  
SHOULD KNOW THAT  
NOTHING BEFALLS A  
D'ANNEMARC BY  
ACCIDENT. NOW  
LISTEN, FOR I HAVE  
LITTLE TIME.

YOU MUST JOURNEY TO  
THE TALLEST PEAK OF  
PYARE, ON FOOT IF NEED  
BE, AND THERE WE WILL  
BEGIN TO SET MATTERS  
ARIGHT. YOUR DESIRES,  
AND MY OWN VENGEANCE  
WILL COME ABOUT — I  
ASSURE YOU.

BUT FOR NOW,  
I MUST LEAVE YOU.

FATHER! COME  
BACK! FATHER!

THE DEAD KING'S GHOSTLY FIGURE FADED  
INTO THE MOUNTAIN MIST, LEAVING  
THEM ALONE.



UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS,  
IS IT, HIGHNESS?

AYE — THE MOUNTAINS.

IN ILLONDRE, BLEYS HAD BEEN SUMMONED TO APPEAR  
BEFORE THE COURT — AND HE ALREADY KNEW WHAT  
THEY WOULD OFFER HIM.

WE HAVE SAT LONG AND  
THOUGHT HARD ON THE  
MATTERS OF THE PAST  
DAYS, AND HAVE COME TO  
ONLY ONE CONCLUSION.  
ANGLERRE MUST HAVE A  
KING — AND THE NEXT IN  
LINE, AS KING VEYNE'S  
NEPHEW BY MARRIAGE, IS  
DUKE BLEYS OF SUVETHIA.  
HOW SAY YOU ALL?

A DEFIANT CRY ECHOED  
FROM THE BACK OF THE  
THRONE ROOM.

I SAY THEE, NAY, CHANCELLOR!  
OLD LAWS SEEM MUCH THE  
FASHION THESE DAYS, SO I  
INVOKE THE INTERREGNUM! AS  
WIDOW OF THE LATE KING, I HAVE  
THE RIGHT TO CLAIM THE  
REGENCY FOR NOT MORE THAN A  
TWELVEMONTH AFTER THE  
KING'S DEATH. I NOW SO DO!



BLEYS HELD HIS PEACE, POWERLESS AGAINST THE APPROVAL FROM THE ASSEMBLED COURT — BUT HIS GREEDY MIND WAS ALREADY PLANNING HIS AUNT'S REMOVAL.



IN HIS DINGY CHAMBERS, THE SORCERER FYLORIX CONTINUED HIS RESEARCHES.

AH! I HAVE YOU NOW, RADIANT PRINCE KURDIS! NOT EVEN YOUR SHAPE-SHIFTING CAN SAVE YOU FROM THIS!



FYLORIX! WE MUST BE RID  
OF MAGETTA IMMEDIATELY!  
SHE'S MADE HERSELF  
REGENT FOR A YEAR — AND  
YOU CAN BE SURE DURING  
THAT TIME SHE'LL FIND  
SOME WAY TO HAVE  
KURDIS REINSTATED!

CALM YOURSELF,  
MY LORD! I HAVE  
RELOCATED OUR  
PRINCE AND HIS  
FRIEND, AND THIS  
TIME, THERE WILL  
BE NO ESCAPE.

G'RRNSSII  
SSHARNEEA!  
HHARN'GNAI!

AS THE ALIEN SYLLABLES  
FELL FROM THE SORCERER'S  
LIPS, A GREAT WIND BEGAN  
TO BLOW THROUGH THE  
CHAMBERS ...

... AS WELL AS IN A  
HIGH PASS AMONGST THE  
PYARES.

CHA'ITAN TAKE  
THIS WIND! IT'S  
COLDER THAN THE  
DEEPEST DEMON-  
PITI!

AYE — IT HAS THE  
SMELL OF  
SORCERY, TOO!  
HAVE YOUR BLADE  
READY, FRIEND  
EWAN.



AS KURDIS SPOKE, A WAVE OF CREATURES  
STEPPED OUT OF THE ROCKY WALLS  
THEMSELVES.





THEY ARE SHAASSIGNAA,  
FROM A WORLD WHERE THE  
VERY AIR IS DENSER THAN  
ROCK! NOTHING ON THIS  
PLANE WILL AFFECT THEM  
ANY MORE THAN A BREEZE  
DOES US!

ARE THERE NO SPELLS  
TO STOP THEM?



THERE IS ONE — BUT I CANNOT  
CONCENTRATE ENOUGH TO  
RECALL THE RUNES!

AS HE STROVE VAINLY TO WARD OFF THE  
SHAASSIGNAA WITH EVERY SPELL HE KNEW,  
KURDIS BEGAN TO FEEL THE FIRST STIRRINGS  
OF PANIC.

THE PASS BEGAN TO FILL WITH THE ROCK-HARD BODIES OF THE SHAASSIGNAA, PRESSING THE TWO MEN FURTHER BACK AGAINST THE SIDES.





THERE ARE MORE OF  
THE THINGS INSIDE THE  
WALL ITSELF!

THEY MEAN TO CRUSH  
US AGAINST THE ROCK!

AND THEN A MIGHTY BOLT OF MYSTICAL  
FORCE SWEEPED THROUGH THE PASS,  
CRUMBLING THE SHAASSIGNAA LIKE  
DUST.

WE'RE SAVED, BY THE  
GODS! BUT BY WHOM —  
AND WHY?

AS THE LAST SHAASSIGNAA FELL, A FAMILIAR FIGURE STROLLED INTO THE PASS.



MYRDAN!

I MUST BE GETTING OLD — A HUNDRED YEARS AGO I COULD HAVE CLEARED THEM ALL IN ONE MOMENT! AH, WELL. GREETINGS, PRINCE KURDIS AND LIEUTENANT SALADOTH.

MYRDAN! BY CHA'ITAN'S BLACK SOUL, I THOUGHT THE WORLD RID OF THAT MEDDLESOME WIZARD.





THE DOOR BURST OPEN  
SUDDENLY, AND THE PRINCESS  
OF SUVETHIA MARCHED  
ANGRILY IN.

SO THIS IS WHERE YOU  
SKULK OFF TO,  
BLEYS — AS I GUESSED!  
FOR ONE SO KEEN ON  
LAW, YOU SEEM TO  
FORGET THE PENALTY  
FOR ASSOCIATING  
WITH A SUVETHIAN  
WIZARD!

MERCIFUL GODS!

THANK YOU FOR YOUR  
UNTIMELY ENTRANCE,  
MADAM, FOR YOU HAVE  
GIVEN ME AN IDEA! YOU  
WANTED TO BE RID OF  
BOTH YOUR AUNT AND THE  
PRINCE, MY LORD.

THE TRANSFORMED QUEEN SCREAMED HER  
HATRED AND AGONY, CHILLING THE  
DUKE'S BLOOD.





IN THE MOUNTAINS, KURDIS AND EWAN FOLLOWED MYRDAN AS THEY TREKKED HIGHER, INTO THE SNOW-LINE.

I'M GRATEFUL FOR YOUR TIMELY RESCUE, MYRDAN. BUT WHY WERE YOU NOT THERE WHEN FATHER NEEDED YOU?

IT GRIEVES ME MORE THAN I CAN SAY THAT I COULD NOT SAVE KING VEYNE, HIGHNESS. I BEG YOU TO BELIEVE ME!

THERE ARE MANY THINGS IN WHICH I MAY PLAY NO PART. FATE HAS WOVEN HER CLOTH — AND EVEN I CAN'T UNPICK A SINGLE THREAD!



THE INTENSITY OF THE MAGICIAN-SAGE'S WORDS STRUCK A CHORD IN THE PRINCE'S HEART, AND HE FELT A SUDDEN, COMMON BOND WITH MYRDAN.



WHY — TO MAKE YOU TRULY HUMAN ONCE MORE, PRINCE KURDIS.



THE PRINCE WAS STUNNED INTO SILENCE.

INSIDE THE SIMPLE HUT, EWAN FOUND A HUGE PROVISION OF FUEL AND SUPPLIES.





AS HE STOOD READY TO ENTER, KURDIS THOUGHT HE COULD SEE A FAINT LIGHT PULSING FAR INSIDE THE CAVERN.

ARE YOU READY, PRINCE KURDIS D'ANNEMARC? THIS WILL BE A RE-BIRTH FOR YOU, AND FULL OF SIMILAR AGONY.

MY LIFE IS TORMENT ALREADY, MYRODAN. AYE — LEAD ON.

THERE IS NO EXACTLY IN THE REALMS THE PRINCE AND I WILL VISIT, EWAN SALADOTH. WE GO BEYOND TIME AND SPACE — TO THE WORLDS OF MIGHT-BE AND NEVER-WILL-BE.

NUMB WITH APPREHENSION AND EXCITEMENT, KURDIS ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE LED TOWARDS THE GAPING CAVERN.

THEY STEPPED INTO THE CAVERN — A  
FANTASTIC SIGHT MET THE PRINCE'S  
EYES.


VISHENAI NOT EVEN IN  
DREAMS HAVE I  
IMAGINED SUCH AS  
THIS!

WE ARE IN A GATEWAY,  
HIGHNESS — THERE IS  
ALWAYS SOME  
OVERLAP.





AND THEN THE  
PANORAMA SETTLED, AND  
KURDIS FOUND HIMSELF  
IN A CRYSTAL BOAT,  
SAILING AN OCEAN OF  
STARS.



THE ASTRAL PLANE.  
TAKE NOTHING AT FACE  
VALUE FROM THIS  
POINT ON, HIGHNESS.  
ILLUSION AND  
SYMBOLISM ARE  
MASTERS HERE.



OUR FIRST PORT OF  
CALL, IT WOULD SEEM.

THE BOAT DRIFTED CLOSER TO THE  
WARPED ISLANDS AS THOUGH PROPELLED  
BY UNSEEN OARS.



THE BOAT MOVED STRAIGHT TO ONE PARTICULAR ISLAND, AND STOPPED AT THE BASE OF STAIRS CUT INTO THE UNNATURAL ROCK.

WHAT WILL I HAVE TO DO, MYRDAN?

I DO NOT KNOW, HIGHNESS. THERE ARE NO RULES TO THIS GAME.

I KNOW YOU! I KNOW YOU! SADRIC KNOWS, HE DOES!

SADRIC THE FORGOTTEN! SO THIS IS OUR FIRST GUIDE — AN ODD CHOICE.

AS THE UNGAINLY FIGURE APPROACHED, KURDIS NOTICED, WITH A TWINGE OF ALARM, THAT MYRDAN HAD DRAWN HIS EBONY RAPIER.





ABRUPTLY, THE PILE OF ROCKS SEEMED TO CHANGE—



VISHENAI  
THE CASTLE!

I TOLD YOU NOTHING  
HERE WAS WHAT IT  
SEEMED, HIGHNESS.

INSIDE THE STRANGE  
CASTLE, THEY FOUND IT  
ODDLY QUIET.



A CHALICE. DO YOU  
THINK IT THE ONE I  
MUST HAVE,  
MYRDAN?

I'D BEST TAKE IT ...  
WHAT WAS THAT  
NOISE?

AS KURDIS LIFTED THE CHALICE, IT BURST INTO  
DAZZLING FIRE — AND AN INHUMAN ROARING ECHOED  
FROM SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE CASTLE ...

... AND THEN A GROTESQUE  
GIANT BURST INTO THE  
DUSTY HALL, BELLOWING  
DEAFENINGLY.

THE ROARING GIANT!

AYE — NOW I RECALL THE  
CREATURE FROM MY  
CERASTES MEMORIES!  
CREATED EONS AGO BY A  
FORGOTTEN RACE, AND  
IMMUNE TO ALL  
CONJURINGS! THIS SWORD  
WILL HAVE TO SUFFICE.





KURDIS LEAPT AT THE  
CREATURE, SWINGING HIS  
BORROWED BLADE.

MYRDANI! GUARD THE CHALICE!

AS A HUGE BLOW SHATTERED THE  
BENCH, KURDIS LEAPT HIGH,  
AIMING HIS SWORD AT THE  
SPLUTTERING FIREBALL.

THRUSTING HARD, THE PRINCE'S BLADE SLID  
DEEP INTO THE BLAZING SPHERE, AND A GOUT  
OF FLAME SPURTED LIKE MOLTEN BLOOD. THE  
GIANT'S LOUD CRIES BECAME AN EAR-  
SPLITTING SCREAM OF RAGE AND PAIN.

AND THEN A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION  
THREW KURDIS OFF, SENDING HIM  
SPRAWLING ONTO THE FLOOR.

**BOOM!**


BY ALL THE GODS! I  
THOUGHT THE GOLDEN  
ARMOUR AS MUCH A PART  
OF ME AS MY FLESH AND  
BLOOD!

ARE YOU HURT,  
HIGHNESS?

I'LL LIVE, MYRDAN —  
THOUGH SITTING WILL  
BE AWKWARD FOR A  
WEEK OR SO. WAIT! MY  
HELM — IT'S ON THE  
GIANT ...!

FREE OF THE HELM, THE  
PRINCE'S FACE HAD ALSO  
LOST MUCH OF ITS  
ELDRITCH CAST, REVEALING  
THE HUMAN BENEATH.





AYE, PRINCE KURDIS. THERE IS A CURSE PLACED AROUND THE ROARING GIANT. TO STOP IT YOU MUST DESTROY ITS HEAD — BUT IN SO DOING, YOU WILL LOSE YOUR OWN. YOU WERE UNIQUE, WITH EFFECTIVELY TWO HEADS, AND NOW, THE GIANT WEARS CERASTES' GOLDEN HELM. KURDIS D'ANNEMARC BEGINS TO RE-EMERGE.

AS THEY LEFT THE CASTLE, KURDIS BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND SOME OF THE TRUE DANGERS OF HIS QUEST FOR THE FIRST TIME.

ONCE THEY WERE ABOARD THE CRYSTAL BOAT AGAIN, IT BEGAN TO DRIFT PURPOSEFULLY AWAY.



WHERE TO THIS TIME, I WONDER, MYRDAN?

I'M AS UNCERTAIN AS YOURSELF, HIGHNESS. UNLIKE PAST EXPLOITS I HAVE NO CONTROL OVER THE POWERS WHO MOVE US.



AS THE BOAT SAILED ON, THE  
SCENES SHIFTED CONSTANTLY,  
LEAVING KURDIS DIZZY WITH  
THE ENDLESS PROGRESSION OF  
WONDERS.





AND EVENTUALLY, THEY  
SEEMED TO NEAR  
A DESTINATION.

COULD THIS BE  
IT, MYRDAN?

I BELIEVE SO,  
HIGHNESS. NOW THE  
TRUE TEST OF YOUR  
METTLE WILL BEGIN.

A TRUE TEST? JUST WHAT  
AM I GOING TO MEET IN  
HERE, MYRDAN?

ONLY YOU CAN KNOW  
THAT, HIGHNESS. TAKE THE  
CHALICE, YOU WILL NEED  
IT — I CAN GO NO FURTHER.

BUT WHATEVER YOU  
FIND, IT CAN ONLY BE  
YOUR WORST ENEMY!

A CHEERING THOUGHT.

KURDIS MOVED DEEPER INTO THE CAVERN,  
ACCOMPANIED ONLY BY ECHOES.

AFTER WHAT FELT LIKE AN ETERNITY, A  
DISTANT LIGHT BEGAN TO GROW  
STRONGER AHEAD OF HIM.

WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER  
ENTRANCE, PERHAPS?

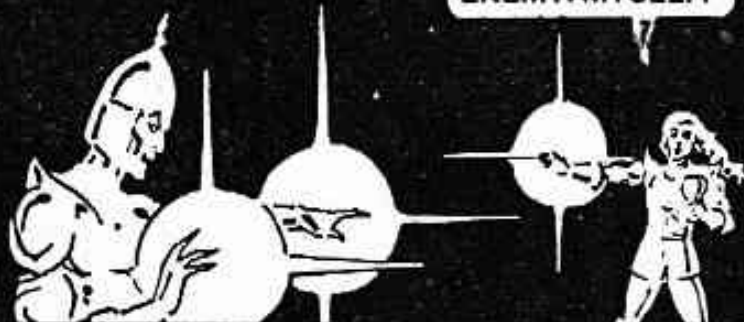


HE STEPPED INTO A BRIGHTLY-LIT GROTTO, AND SAW HE WAS NO LONGER ALONE.



WHO? NO!  
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

MY OWN WORST  
ENEMY! MYSELF!




AS SPELLS WERE CONJURED AND Warded, CHARGING THE VERY AIR, KURDIS REALISED THAT THIS TRULY WAS HIS WORST ENEMY — A KURDIS FULLY OWNED BY THE EVIL OF CERASTES' POWER. KURDIS THE CHAOS-CREATURE!

YOU CANNOT WIN,  
PRINCE — THE BODY OF  
CERASTES NO LONGER  
PROTECTS YOU FULLY.  
HIS MEMORIES ARE NO  
LONGER YOURS!



KURDIS COULD FEEL  
SOME OF HIS POWERS ...



I STILL HAVE THE OCCULT  
POWER THAT IS MY  
BIRTHRIGHT, IMPOSTER!  
INHERITED FROM MY  
MOTHER, CIRLE.

NOT FOR MUCH LONGER,  
HUMAN — AND NOT  
ENOUGH!

A POWERFUL SPELL SUDDENLY BROKE THROUGH THE  
PRINCE'S GUARD, STRIKING THE CHALICE WITH A  
BELL-LIKE SOUND.

THEN, AN UNCANNY  
TRANSFORMATION TOOK  
PLACE ...

... AS THE CHALICE BECAME  
A GREAT GOLDEN  
BATTLEBLADE.

THE GOLDEN SWORD  
ITSELF! BY ALL THE  
GODS — BY  
ABSORBING  
CERASTES' OWN  
POWER, THE CHALICE  
HAS BECOME THE  
DEMON SWORD.

VISHENA!

AYE, HUMAN — DID  
YOU NOT REALISE  
THAT ONLY CHAOS  
MAY HOPE TO  
DEFEAT CHAOS!



SWINGING THE GREAT SWORD  
RECKLESSLY, KURDIS CHARGED HIS  
EVIL TWIN ...

THEN LET IT  
END HERE!

... AND A FEARFUL  
DETONATION OF OCCULT  
ENERGY SHATTERED THE  
GROTTO AS GOLDEN SWORD  
MET GOLDEN ARMOUR.

OUTSIDE, MYRDAN WAS ALARMED  
BY THE DEAFENING SOUNDS.

HIGHNESS?  
PRINCE KURDIS?



I AM HERE, MYRDAN —  
THOUGH I DO NOT  
PRETEND TO  
UNDERSTAND WHAT  
HAPPENED. SOMEHOW,  
CERASTES WAS USED  
TO DESTROY HIMSELF.

A NEW PRINCE STAGGERED FROM THE  
CAVE. GONE WAS THE MAGICAL  
ARMOUR OF GOLD, AND WITH IT ALL OF  
HIS CHAOS-BRED MAGIC. KURDIS WAS  
TRULY HUMAN.

AS MYRDAN HELPED THE  
WEAK PRINCE BACK TO THE  
BOAT, THE GHOST OF KING  
VEYNE REAPPEARED.

FATHER — I  
SUCCEEDED!  
CERASTES' TAIN IS  
GONE FOREVER!



A YE, MY SON,  
PRAISE THE GODS.  
AND MY THANKS TO  
YOU, MYRDAN, FOR  
YOUR SUPPORT.  
RETURN YOU NOW  
TO ILLONDRE, AND  
WREST THE CROWN  
FROM BLEYS'  
UNWORTHY  
FINGERS. I WILL  
TAKE THE CHALICE  
OF DESTINY.

THE GOLDEN  
LIQUID IS ALL THAT  
REMAINS OF THE  
CREATURE  
CERASTES: HIS  
ESSENCE. I WILL  
RETURN IT TO  
VISHENA, FOR THE  
DEMON WAS STILL  
A SERVANT OF THE  
GODS, DESPITE HIS  
EVIL.







YOU ARE VISHENA'S  
CHAMPION NOW,  
KURDIS. THE  
D'ANNEMARCS HAVE  
BEEN CHOSEN BY THE  
GODS. DO NOT  
DISGRACE THEM. I BID  
YOU FAREWELL, MY  
SON, UNTIL WE ARE  
REUNITED ETERNALLY.

AS VEYNE'S GHOST FADED INTO THE  
ASTRAL SKY, THE CRYSTAL BOAT BEGAN  
TO DRIFT BACK TO WHERE THEIR JOURNEY  
HAD BEGUN.

AS THEY RE-EMERGED ON THE SNOWY PEAK IN THE PYARE MOUNTAINS, THE EVENTS IN THE ASTRAL PLANE BEGAN TO FEEL MORE LIKE A VIVID DREAM TO KURDIS.

HIGHNESS! MYRDANI  
THANK THE GODS  
YOU'RE SAFE!

DIVING INTO THE SNOW, THEY WERE  
NARROWLY MISSED BY GLEAMING  
TALONS.


PRINCE KURDIS!  
ABOVE YOU!

HURLING SILENTLY OUT OF THE  
FRIGID SKY, THE TRANSFORMED  
HARPY THAT HAD ONCE BEEN  
QUEEN MAGETTA DIVED STRAIGHT  
FOR KURDIS.

VISHENAI! WHAT  
MANNER OF BEAST...?

MORE SORCERY, HIGHNESS!  
A HARPY, TRANSFORMED  
OUT OF SOME POOR HAPLESS  
WOMAN!






TAKE THIS — ONE  
OF THE SWORDS  
OF FATE, IT WILL  
SUCCEED WHERE  
ORDINARY STEEL  
CANNOT.



MERCIFUL GODS!  
IT'S MAGETTA!  
MY STEP-MOTHER!



IT WAS, HIGHNESS  
— HER SOUL NO  
LONGER  
CONTROLS THAT  
MONSTER. ONLY  
DEATH CAN FREE  
HER NOW.

NO, MYRDANI! KILL  
MY FATHER'S WIFE?  
I CANNOT!



YOU HAVE NO CHOICE,  
HIGHNESS! AND THIS  
CREATURE IS NO  
LONGER MAGETTA OF  
SUVETHIA!

KURDIS DODGED A SECOND ATTACK, BUT  
KNEW A THIRD STRIKE WOULD SURELY  
FIND HIM.

IN A BLIND, UNTHINKING MOTION, KURDIS LEAPT TO HIS FEET BEFORE THE SWOOPING HARPY, SWORD UPPRAISED.



DAMN YOUR BLACK SOUL TO THE DEEPEST PIT OF HELL, BLEYS!

AS THE CREATURE STRUCK, MYRDAN'S BLACK RAPIER SANK TO THE HILT THROUGH ITS METALLIC FEATHERS, AND BOTH MAN AND BEAST CRASHED TO THE SNOW.



FORGIVE ME, MAGETTA. I COULD DO NOTHING ELSE.



YOU'VE RELEASED HER, HIGHNESS. BLEYS HAD DESTROYED HER LONG AGO.

THEY HELPED KURDIS TO HIS FEET AND LED HIM BACK FROM THE TERRIBLE CARCASE.



AS THE QUEEN DIED, SHE SLOWLY RETURNED TO HER OWN SHAPE, A PLACID SMILE ON HER LIPS.

THANK YOU, KURDIS — I AM FREE, NOW, AND BLAME YOU FOR NOUGHT. BUT TELL BLEYS I DIED CURSING HIM ...

ANOTHER LIFE THAT BLEYS WILL PAY FOR!

AYE, HIGHNESS. SO WE MUST REACH HIM BEFORE WORD OF THIS DOES.


AS THE MAGICIAN RAISED HIS HAND, GREAT FORCES WERE LET LOOSE ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP ...

... FORCES THAT CAST THEM BACK TO ILLONDRE AND INTO THE THRONE ROOM ITSELF.

IT APPEARS WE ARRIVE NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, HIGHNESS. UNLESS MY EYES DECEIVE ME, BLEYS IS ABOUT TO BE OFFERED A CROWN!

KURDISI MYRDANI NO — YOU'RE DEAD, ALL OF YOU!





CAN THIS TRULY BE YOU, PRINCE KURDIS? BUT DUKE BLEYS IS ABOUT TO BE OFFERED THE CROWN, SINCE QUEEN MAGETTA HAS SEEMINGLY FLED.

NOT FLED, LORD CHANCELLOR — BETRAYED BY SORCERY! I ACCUSE DUKE BLEYS OF CONSORTING WITH ENEMIES OF ANGLERRE, CONSPIRING AGAINST PRINCE KURDIS, AND MURDERING BOTH KING VEYNE AND HIS QUEEN!

STEEL RANG LOUDLY IN THE THRONE ROOM AS THE MORTAL ENEMIES FOUGHT.

CHA'ITAN TAKE YOUR SOUL, KURDIS! FYLORIX! AID ME!

WHERE IS YOUR PROOF?

THEN PROVE YOUR INNOCENCE WITH STEEL! ON YOUR GUARD, KING-SLAYER!





SO WE ARE  
DISCOVERED, MY LORD  
DUKE? THEN THE  
WIZARDRY OF  
SUVETHIA HAD BEST  
RID THE WORLD OF ALL  
HERE PRESENT!



MEN FELL BACK AS THE SORCERER GATHERED  
POWER AROUND HIS STAFF.

BUT MYRDAN WAS FASTER — CONJURING AN OCCULT NET THAT SWAMPED THE SUVETHIAN, LEAVING HIM BOUND AND UNABLE TO INTERFERE.

NOT SO, DEMONSPAWN!  
YOUR PUPPET INVOKED  
THE DUNOOR CONVENTION  
— LET HIM DEFEND HIS  
TREACHERY MAN TO MAN  
— WITHOUT SORCERY!

DO YOU HEAR, KING-SLAYER?  
YOU CAN'T HIDE BEHIND  
YOUR SORCERER'S SKIRTS  
ANYMORE! YOUR AUNT  
CURSED YOU WITH HER  
DYING BREATH! MY FATHER'S  
GHOST DEMANDS  
VENGEANCE! HOW MANY  
MORE CRIMES CRY OUT FOR  
YOUR HEAD, COUSIN?

THIS IS A TRICK! YOU STILL  
HAVE SORCEROUS  
POWERS! NO MAN WOULD  
GIVE UP THAT FOR AN  
EARTHLY CROWN!

BLEYS RETREATED BEFORE THE SAVAGERY OF  
THE PRINCE'S ATTACK.



SUDDENLY, THE DUKE HURLED A TALL  
CANDELABRA AT KURDIS — AND THE  
PRINCE WAS FORCED TO LEAP ASIDE.

THE THRONE! IT IS MINE  
BY RIGHT! I WILL HAVE  
IT!

HERE, COUSIN — TASTE A  
LITTLE FLAME BEFORE  
HELL-FIRE TAKES YOU!

BLEYS RACED TOWARDS THE DISTANT  
CHAIR, HEEDLESS OF THOSE AROUND  
HIM.

YOU SEE! YOU  
SEE! IT IS MINE!

ENJOY IT WHILE  
YOU CAN, USURPER!

KURDIS DREW BACK HIS ARM, AND  
HURLED MYRDAN'S BLACK SWORD  
WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

THE BLACK BLADE CRASHED INTO HIS CHEST, IMPALING HIM LIKE AN INSECT AGAINST THE BACK OF THE THRONE.

BUT WHILST EVERYONE WAS DISTRACTED BY BLEY'S DEFEAT...

MYRDAN'S PETTY CONJURING MAY CONSTRICT ME A LITTLE, BUT IT CANNOT PREVENT MY ESCAPING BELOW IT WHILST THE FOOLS REJOICE.

YOU HAVE COME THROUGH MUCH, AND TRIUMPHED, HIGHNESS. MY CONGRATULATIONS. OR RATHER — SHOULD I SAY, YOUR MAJESTY?

NOT YET, MYRDAN. I HAVE FOUGHT FOR AND WON BACK A THRONE — YET I AM LOATHE TO OCCUPY IT.

THE CHANCELLOR SPLUTTERED IN SURPRISE AT THE PRINCE'S WORDS.



BUT HIGHNESS —  
YOUR MAJESTY —  
THE THRONE IS  
YOURS! ANGLERRE  
MUST HAVE A KING!

WHAT DO YOU SAY,  
MYRDAN? AND  
YOU'D BETTER  
HAVE THIS BACK.

THE LAST TIME YOU  
WERE LESS EAGER  
FOR MY  
ASCENSION AS I  
RECALL, MY LORD  
CHANCELLOR. BUT  
I HAVE SEEN A  
LITTLE OF THE  
WORLD OUT THERE,  
AND I WANT TO SEE  
MORE. I SHALL  
RETURN TO BE  
CROWNED — IN A  
YEAR OR SO,  
PERHAPS. IN THE  
MEANWHILE, YOU  
CAN BE REGENT —  
OR PERHAPS  
MYRDAN, HERE.

KEEP IT FOR NOW,  
HIGHNESS — IT'S A HERO'S  
SWORD, AND IF I'M GOING  
TO WATCH OVER YOUR  
CROWN FOR YOU WHILST  
YOU'RE OFF ENJOYING THE  
WORLD, I DOUBT I'LL BE  
NEEDING IT.

AS THE COURTIER'S MADE WAY  
FOR THEM, KURDIS AND  
EWAN LEFT THE THRONE  
ROOM — AND A PERPLEXED  
LORD CHANCELLOR.

IN ALL MY YEARS  
I'VE NEVER KNOWN  
THE LIKE!

LET THEM BE, LORD  
CHANCELLOR.  
THEY ARE YOUNG  
— AND THE PRINCE  
HAS NEVER KNOWN  
A TRUE  
CHILDHOOD. LEAVE  
THEM TO MAKE  
SPORT WHILE THEY  
MAY.

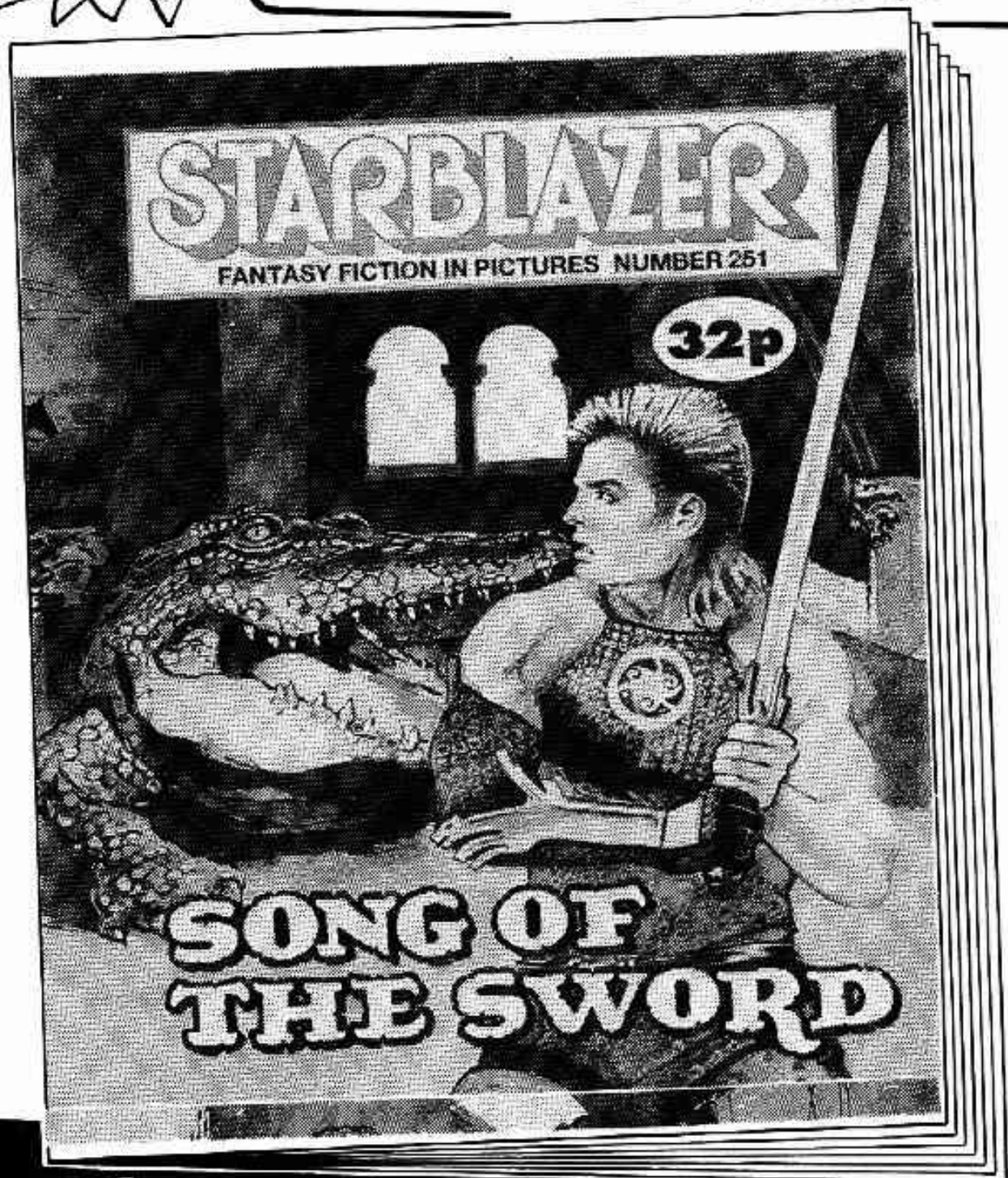


I THINK ANGLERRE IS  
SAFE IN OUR HANDS  
FOR THE TIME BEING.  
NOW DID ANYONE SEE  
WHERE FYLORIX WENT?



**DON'T  
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER  
ACTION-PACKED  
ADVENTURE**



**NOW ON SALE**



# SUN PRINCE

It had been twenty years since the wars of chaos in the Kingdom of Anglerre. King Veyhe D'Annemarc now ruled in peace over his people. But the king was ever wary, fearful of a deadly intrusion from the spirit worlds. But he was looking in the wrong direction, for it was from within that danger and death came — danger that set his son, Kurdis, on a quest to rid himself of the very powers that made him all but immortal.

